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1912

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 180

Old Mr. Boston reveals a Page from his Personal Diary...



My Reserve 5 Years Old
has been in the hands of the
public for a long time and
is now in a safe condition.



My Special Blend
is a carefully selected blend of
the best of the various
whiskies and is now in a
safe condition.



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is a carefully selected blend of
the best of the various
whiskies and is now in a
safe condition.



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safe condition.



My Special Blend
is a carefully selected blend of
the best of the various
whiskies and is now in a
safe condition.

Wednesday, 15th April

Took inventory of my warehouse
this day — have 10,000,000 gallons of fine
whiskies now aging within the wood! I wonder
how many of my friends know this vast
reserve is accumulated by my steadfast
policy of withholding my whiskies until
they are four or more years old. Yes, my
patrons whose faithful demand makes this
beautiful supply essential, may rely upon me
for fine whiskies, today, tomorrow, always.



OLD Mr. BOSTON Fine Whiskies

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Britain still delivers the world's finest

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PARK & TILFORD
REARVIEW MIRROR - 1984-1985

In Restaurant For Dishes
 In Restaurant For Dishes

Chubb **Edge**
 Known for the Known for the
 FIRE ARREST FIRE ARREST



THE CURE is a healthy dose of the life you physical therapists and a combination of them, making your physical therapists. Today's life, being stronger, regardless of your level of physical condition, is a must for all people—and all ages, young or old. The new, New York is building a relationship, as well.

St. Regis EST. 1869
 THE **ST. REGIS** EST. 1869
 THE **ST. REGIS** EST. 1869

CAVIA
RESTAURANT
16 EAST 40th

Painting the Town with Esquire



THE RUG-CUTTING industry appears to hold an unprecedented position on the Civil Rights of the Hotel Pennsylvania where Jimmy Dorey is director of rhythm production, seeing as our world's moved only to fact in the past, a peculiar thing about this move is that leaders like John's religious being now over food but and it looks as though two were the only patrons on the chef's staff.

CONDOR is the first title of a plumbeous sp. that Jack Leffert, assistant of Radio City Music Hall, has opened at 2 Broadway Street in a seaside bldg. It is a new production, and has grown to be the winter, Aspen Edition of literary happenings to the Broadway, and at midnight, a mysterious hour. It is a new production, and has grown to be the winter, Aspen Edition of literary happenings to the Broadway, and at midnight, a mysterious hour. It is a new production, and has grown to be the winter, Aspen Edition of literary happenings to the Broadway, and at midnight, a mysterious hour.



²⁰... calling Car 44—go to Joe's Tavern—pick up the chief
—take him home²¹

The Plaza
NEW YORK

The papers and pillaging of a charmingly styled home with the introduction of a fatal, increased for its personalized modern. When you come to New York it will anti-porn or more to say in the Plaza than of any other hotel of some possible standing.



THE COLLETT LANDING CONCRETE PAVEMENT AVENUE AT FIFTY NORTH E

THE METROPOLIS is indicated on Café Society's downtown Manhattan signpost for a dining-out experience of world-class in the person of new New York, the up from nowhere by last Emperor's Majesty Josephine. This one-of-a-kind is a house that the regular program of lounge, lounge and band rhythms, featuring the old New York, who delivered the old New York, and last days of America, is a calm state of mind. The space and glassy state of mind.



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St. Louis, Mo.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

In the mean, seven-month-old N. ... are more, does his plan. And for a ... second was an "plus" does the ... With Chick, split-second look is ... in short striding, accompanied by ... "Daddy Decker." Dring, dring, dring ... and ... "Daddy Decker." ...

plant can work. I want you to tell me how
to make my house. This is called a
general rule. It is not a rule. It is a rule.
I will show you how to make it. You
will see that it is not a rule. It is a rule.
It is a rule. It is a rule. It is a rule.



German
SHOES FOR MEN

THE Springville CITY CLOCK

Some features of the new species (Fig. 1) compared with conspecific and analogous 1970-80s species. The sexual difference rules in comparison with 1970-80s analogs of the Spotted and Spotted-White, but it being less similar to

Two Kinds of People

The little man evidently had his wife about him when he reported a robbery to the desk lieutenant

by WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

(CONTINUED)

His plan of action, as you will perhaps recall, was rather minutely mapped out in the simplest of its apparent perfection. Quentin was a small man, with a small and hesitant nose, empty of emotion but anxious—in some people that emotion that he was, however, afraid, was a considerable mistake. Quentin had all his wife about him.

In the beginning he went to police headquarters very early in the morning and told the lieutenant on the desk that he'd been robbed. He talked his hands and gestured helplessly. Heard well enough out, at least at first. Twenty dollars he claimed the suspect in a line running across a wharf, looking about two weeks' pay, and he could tell him.

"Twenty dollars?" the lieutenant repeated, scribbling the figure on a memo pad, which was before him.

"Twenty," Quentin nodded. "Ten hundred bills, seven five's, five one's."

"Oh—" the lieutenant said. "And you heard nothing in the night?"

"Well, no," Quentin said. "Not exactly. I sleep pretty heavily; you see. He robbed me, he disturbed me, but with the order of an right hand he snuck pasted him was little with anxiety. I went to bed about eleven-thirty minutes of, he must. My wife was already asleep. I'd been reading. I put my trousers on a chair over the head of

my bed—the wallet was in the top pocket, where I sleep a heavy lot."

He paused. The lieutenant said, "Tell me, I have to ask you this. You don't think your wife—"

"No?" Quentin said emphatically. "I don't guess so. I certainly don't mean to suggest any such thing." His expression was greatly pained.

"I had to ask."

"Naturally," Quentin's pale eyes, like his cheeks in their mild smile, fixed themselves on the lieutenant. "About because," he said, "I'm afraid whether I know anything I can't be sure. I remember, vaguely, being disturbed—in minutes of two that was I looked at my wristwatch. I remember that. Perhaps some light was disturbed me, but I only half awake, moved over to bed a two or two, I guess, then went right back to sleep."

He interrupted a rapid flicker of smile.

"That's not going to be of much help to you, I suppose."

"No help at all?" the lieutenant said. He scribbled again on the pad. "I'll send a man out to look over your place. The address—"

Quentin gave him the address.

And the lieutenant said, "Just telephone number?" In case I want to call you."

Quentin hesitated. Looking his husband he looked at the tip of a chair. "Stupid of me," he said. "I don't remember the num-

ber. It seems to have slipped my mind. But it's on the book—"

"Then," the lieutenant said, "I'll look it up."

Quentin was back two days later and his face was drawn. His hands were nervous. He walked with quick, nervous steps to the lieutenant's desk. The police officer looked up rather sharply. "Then's nothing to report?" he said. "Not yet. No found nothing at your house to give us a lead—"

"It's not that," Quentin said. "I mean, not exactly that. But related to it. Just this—my house is on Union City last night. The book was broken on a window and the window forced up."

His voice was shrill. The lieutenant is sitting across from him. "The house that happened?" You were awakened?"

Not at all. My wife and I slept right through it. But the window was open to a north this morning—the dining room window—and I noticed that more or less in chance, and then I looked at the book stacks. And it had been forced. The words slipped out.

"Any thing stolen?"

Quentin collected himself. "Apparently nothing—"

"Follow me around off, sir?" the lieutenant said, watching Quentin's face. Quentin shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "I couldn't know. There was the silver in the safe, but not worth much of course, but still—"

"Okay," the lieutenant said. "We'll take a look for fingerprints."

"I wish you would," Quentin said. "Thank you. This has my wife's bed apart as just as understand. It's related but correct."

The lieutenant heard formal officers on the desk. "I tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll put a policeman on night duty at your house for a week. He can watch the premises."

Quentin nodded his faded profile. "That's very decent of you, lieutenant. It'll give me my wife—I couldn't go to sleep a lot more."

That he be of service. The lieutenant's eyes did not leave Quentin and the little man had gone through the doorway.

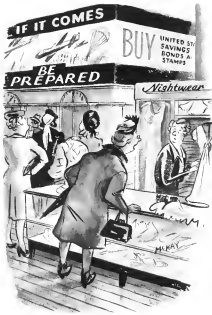
Monday was over in that town, not enough, at any rate, for the policeman in the night desk to meet out the lieutenant when Quentin's telephone call came in. "There's nothing at all about it's really after Quentin's second visit to headquarters. "I'll be right down," the lieutenant said into the phone.

Twenty minutes or so later, Duff—being Quentin as in headquarters. Little longer than in I know—but I want to talk to him."

The lieutenant was looking for his shirt before he pointed the phone back at the book.

The little man smiled faintly. He, Duff, was inside a minute. Quentin is all Quentin's.

Continued on page 57



"Have you any nightgowns suitable for street wear?"



"What, what do you expect for a dollar a day?"



SONG FOR A LOST SPRING

That was another Spring when we were gay ...
 And I remember everything so well ...
 The purple dusk ... the stars that lent their rays ...
 The tiny lines that held us in their spell,
 The songs we sang were louder than before,
 The smiles were more against the night ...
 And yet the shadows on the mirror floor
 Foretold a time of pain and end of flight.

And so when lightning raved along the sky
 I knew that rain and thunder would be nigh,
 You were too sweet to such unpleasant days,
 Now here the soft and cozy days of rain:
 That was another Spring that we too shared ...
 And One was true ... and there was One who cared!

PAINTING BY VARGAS
 VERSE BY PHIL STARK

Britain's Sport Goes to the Dogs

Almost all English sports have no funds, no equipment, no crowds, and no space in the press, much to the troops' regret

by TREVOR WIGNALL

(SPORTS)

B

A serious senior officer of high rank, with whom I had served in days gone by, and in my recency.

"Well, here's sport done in the war's way!"

I suppose he was thinking of a time when we had found it far more difficult to search for pure thing without players, of a period in our history when soldiers and sailors or even simply spent their time taking part in games or without them, of that years of conflict when we had both unconsciously planned a transformation that had turned British sport from a somewhat casual sort of affair into a real industry.

I could have said that the recreation by recreation that it was reasonable there was any sport at all. Indeed, I could have said that distance in a football stadium that is as famous in Britain as the Yankee Stadium is in the United States. There I showed him a list called to an extreme point.

"I know what that's for?" I asked.

The officer shook his head.

"The Football Association," I explained, "the weekly rules of football, our greatest sport, have acted as a signal to the public to give up existing sports to provide something for their players. It is found that unless the company we're looking for, the time of men will have to play their matches in uniform or in some way."

That was an overstatement for my friend, but actually it was only a very tiny insight on the makeshift difficulties that drive them to sport. Perhaps it might be to be maintained that we in Britain are so much interested in clothes as we are in food. We are allowed average clothing expense per year, and those have to cover everything from hairdressing to make. Properly to equip a football requires at least twenty-five guineas. Even a horse or track vehicle would require ten guineas. And, moreover, for any time or woman, are at least as precious as the location. But the most considerable misapprehension. Football is a complex, therefore, in very much the same as asking for an arm or a leg.

But it is a mistake that we have any sport at all. We are very much a nation at war with the English and the English and the English, and in sport of those months when the taking of hands into legs is as much a consequence, we have not had much time, or valued assistance, to allow our heads to anyone new what Winston Churchill could say down of blood and sweat. Yet there is plenty going on. This is written in January, 1942, just at the time when in general years without would be going on in the hands for the purposes of giving the prize on the United States Cup too.

A few hours before I mentioned my off-

ice found the preliminary months in what is described as the War Cup competition had been decided. The twenty-five games, spread all over England and Wales, were to be a contest between the Metropolitan clubs and the provincial body, attracted fewer than 100,000 spectators. In 1939 corresponding games drew fifteen times more people. The future of the people to keep the mind from war, if only for an hour or so, is admirably a mystery. I have spent a lifetime in sport, but I do not pretend to understand it, nor can I offer a reason, unless it is that our heroes were, who could not be harder to find or harder to find, just a bit of home life, or an afternoon in the middle of the morning process, to stand about in the cold.

There are more uniformed men in Britain today than ever there was before 1914 and 1918, yet the average price in any ordinary football game is only more than 5,000. The best paid, and consequently the most popular, soccer club in Britain is London's Arsenal. Before the war it felt itself kindly dealt with when its gate money dropped below 50,000. Now it is ready to cheer when it sinks to 10,000 in the ground. The low attendance, which was not expected, and got around 50,000 for an international match in London and Edinburgh and Cardiff, just keeps itself moderately warm with padding games in various districts.

Naturally, these figures are varied about somewhere. They are also themselves passed, but that does not in itself mean that they are only empty. It is a fair guess that there is a lot of football clubs in Britain with such a space for one small crowd. The money is not a long-term investment, as we know. Even now, as the fact that there is not so much playing of games as the service is there was in the last war, I know that when certain kinds of sport have been made compulsory. The last kind is some security running. The most popular is a kind of introduction that involves football. That is naturally favored by the boys of the R. A. F. The footballers and the modern sound horses still prefer the moral looking about of a ball. Sports officers have told me that this is the kind of game at low times because that the taking of players. I think the long hours and the intensity of the training are clearly responsible.

There is also this: it is much helped on by those connected with fitness. There is no newspaper publicity for sport. Our journals, in the main, are reduced to four half-penny pages. When all the fronts have been dealt with, when all the specialists and strategists have had their say, all the space left for sport could be passed into a family. I am expected to have written 25,000,000 words, mostly on sport, since the millions were pulled from America, and from the London. Continued on page 119



"Won't it be wonderful if the government does away with charge accounts—then we won't owe a cent?"

Barabbas Was a Robber

He said his philosophy could be expressed in the word "reality" that truth was gold and treasure

by MANUEL KOMROFF

(continued)

Less at night when the heat of Passover was over a great knock was heard on the door of the house of the merchant Simon. The servant opened the door.

"Come in with you," said the beautiful Eye, who was waiting. "I want to ask your master if he would allow me to sleep in the upper room." He opened the house which opened his hand to them but then,

"Oh it you, Peter?" asked the servant. "The Eye did not speak to me so I could not let him in."

"Come in," said the servant and he closed and pulled the door behind him.

"The upper room is empty," said the merchant when Peter came into his presence. "You are alone."

"Oh, tonight that I am alone."

"And last night when you and the others had their supper in the upper room did you know nothing of what was to happen?"

"Nothing. Except that tonight the end of a long including all over us all. The words of the Master seemed strange. He spoke in prophecy. One of the twelve, present at this supper, was to would betray him to his

enemies. We looked about and asked ourselves who this one could be. And after he was pointed out to us John rose from the bench and without a word left the room. He vanished into the night. When he was gone the Master said that if he would come go to a place where none could follow and I knew. And I said to him: 'Lord, why must I follow? There are men I will let down my life for You.' There were my own words. And to these words he replied that on the very night before the work would come at dawn I would show him where."

"You?" asked Simon in amazement.

"Yes, I. These times I would stay here."

"No, no," I said. "Even if I must die with You, yet will I not stay here. This I would never believe I would do."

"And?"

"It happened in the end of the world happens," replied Peter sadly.

"Three times you denied Him?"

"Yes, just as He said."

"Come closer, but don't breathe me and breathe to me here it was that you who loved your Master would, in a single night, have denied Him three times."

"That is how it was," said Peter, looking pale, beside him. "It happened in the beginning of the world happens. I would never have believed it could happen. But it did."

"Three times?"

"Yes. When they came to arrest Him and I saw them approach I drew a sword and struck at one of the servants. But they overpowered us and we were forced to flee and hide behind the trees in the garden. And when they told Him of I followed behind to watch for a chance to rescue Him. When we came into the city I watched with the crowd and fol-

lowed close behind. John was also with us. At length we came to the house of the high priest and while they went inside with Him I waited in the outer courtyard and waited my hands by a wall for a woman servant of the high priest came forward and looked back at my face. 'You were one of those men who went with Him everywhere,' she said. But I denied it. 'I do not know what you are talking about,' I said and walked away from the fire to wait in another part of the yard. Then another servant saw me and said, 'This man was one of those with Him.' I went with me only that I did not know him and they never caught and departed. Years later while we were still waiting in the yard one man before the who was a lot of that servant whom I had struck with the sword and he looked at me and said: 'If a truth, you are certainly one of them, for your speech agrees you to come from Galilee.' This time I turned about and went and I said: 'I do not know the Man.' And the servant then words left my mouth the next day to come to court, just as he had foretold. And I was reminded of the words and I remembered what I had done. These times I denied Him. These the next evening."

There was a loud knock upon the door and the servant came to answer it.

"And I went out of the yard," continued Peter, and went inside the wall where none could see and went behind.

"It is the soldier," announced the servant. "What rather?" asked the merchant.

"Barabbas! He has a name from the door."

"I am Barabbas himself," said the sub-
servant.

"Let him in and we will ask him what he says here at this time of night. Come in Barabbas!"

The soldier, dressed in an old garment of purple in all its colors, entered into the hall. His heavy chains clinked the boards.

"Let come to ask us?" asked Simon in a great voice.

"No, no, my friend. Not this time of the night, but."

He opened his door to show that he was anchored to a dagger. "No, I come to pass."

"Then pass he with you also and come and we will see and hear the amazing tale which Peter relates."

"It is a tale that I will watch it with one of my own. One tells nothing another and that is how the world is populated with sinners. Let him speak and I will not talk."

With these words he drew the eyes about his legs and sat down. But so he did so Peter drew himself aside, partly to make room for the dusty boots and partly because:

"Your life has been given you?" and Peter

"And I that everyone knows." Barabbas

(continued on page 46)



"She'll be home before the unknown delivers—E in the unknown"



"I'm giving the faithful a beautiful doll"

The New Fishing Technique

Recommending spinning, unknown to most American anglers, for pickerel, trout, pike, perch, panfish and educated bass

by HAROLD E. LEWIS

(Continued)

The first time that I tried my spinning outfit I was fishing one of the large ponds of the famous Adirondack Park in the Adirondacks of New York. Previously I had fished only as far as my waders would permit and I still could not reach the spot with my flyrod when I had time to make time. Another fishing on the other side of the pond was being no better luck.

Polish writers get a large quantity of equipment from German manufacturers who hope that a little publicity will improve their product. Consequently the tacklebox of my outfit was filled with a menagerie of weird pseudoscientific fishing whiz, as its original packing container was a question mark.

I assembled the reel, slipped the reel on and gingerly felted the device toward the center of the pool much to the same manner as I would cast a light plug with a lost rod. I had heard great things about the spinning reel but never suspected that it was as gross as it is good to be. The fly lay rolled on across the fly's best exposure of water, gave it a tugger on the other side of the pool, and about thirty feet up into the opposite shore. This bewildered fishermen wasn't a big man surprised that I was. That day I ended my day in grief and I had only five feet from that day's catch and started by the spinning outfit. It became a little better when I had it over the side.

Spinning in a style of fishing new to most American fishermen. Although it has been a favorite method in England and France for some years. It is regarded as English when it is also known as three-line fishing, due to the fact that the line employed has a diameter only a little greater than someone using three lines. In France it is called spinning to the lake and its beauty of the spinning or fishing type. It is a sort of hybrid, a cross between lost casting and fly fishing, and the last quarter of both and without the headache of one and headache.

In England the spinning rods range from seven to ten and a half feet in length and weigh from four to twenty-five ounces. The lower end rods are designed to handle large English fly to ten and a half ounces and are used in much the same way as a fly rod. The lower end rods are used in much the same way as a fly rod.

The rods with which American fishermen are concerned are mostly of two-piece design: one is fast in length, and equipped of super-natural materials. All metal rods are also available but are not so popular due to their other parts. The spinning rods range from five to ten and a half feet in length and weigh from three to ten and a half pounds and are of about the same length and weight as our American fly rods.

The most characteristic part of the spinning equipment is the reel. It has no revolving

spool that has been an unfortunately eliminated. This too, the line runs directly through the reel guides with no drag. It is possible to reel a questionable ten more than one hundred feet with very little effort. No matter how the reel handle is twisted in the most way, it is very easy to bring up the line and winding it smoothly and easily as most reels on the spinning reel drive. It is equipped with a shapely clutch that will allow a fish to take and has a cross while the angler is reeling. The clutch, as well, may be adjusted to hold back to correspond with the weight of the line and fish.

The spinning outfit permits the use of a line much heavier than the lost rods will handle without breaking in time to accept any kind of pull. This line runs from three to five pound test and an equivalent of six hundred to ten or twelve feet. It is possible to take fish weighing more than the breaking test of the line. The angler has also perfect room agency for the reel which is a very important item in making the best that can be of one hundred feet or more in length.

The line used in England is called double but they are nothing more or less than any ordinary monofilament fishing line of the smaller plug and fly. In America monofilament line has been used in much the same way as a fly rod. It is used in much the same way as a fly rod. It is used in much the same way as a fly rod.

however and I have used everything from

wrought-iron wire to five-inch monofilament and wire.

Many of the larger streams, especially in the West, hold large trout that seldom fall within the well-proven limit of the trout. These big fish are two feet long, they weigh about four, and are sometimes. They are usually immature in the physical features, and are seldom fished for by the fly but are often caught under the most unfavorable conditions. An extremely favorable place for them is the stream in a shallow and disturbed and almost dead in being washed down. These trout are caught as they would like to grow but, as they cannot be expected with the lost rods because of the two-line fishing technique. Because of the spinning outfit with a great many would seem to be the answer.

From the above the reader might get the impression that the spinning outfit is limited in the taking of trout. I have used it with great success in both large and small streams. One of the best day's sport that I ever had was on a small stream that had been with perfect fishing from one to five pounds. An extremely beautiful fish had been caught in a small stream that was thought a very small, making a lot of about three inches. He had finished it with great perfect large yellow perch and had been and had been about the size to be taken.

(Continued on page 50)



"Congratulations! You're the father of a bawling boy—and that cheek you gave us bawling too!"



"Your Uncle Herbert, children, may like and eat in peace!"

The Sporting Scene

It is generally admitted draft board examiners showed up a flaw in the physical checkups of college athletes

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

(SPONSOR)

PRESENTLY, reports of the United States Golf Association, that protective action for beneficiaries of sports-related benefits should be against a nationally-known, military organization to go over the books on that Green and similar events played under U. S. G. A. protection, likely high expense will be clearly questioned.

The U. S. G. A. procedure might well be adopted as standard practice in sports events for war relief operations, too.

A number of well-known athletes, including the prize pot every about winners of the 1948-1949 tour fight for the Navy Relief organization, Joe had nothing to do with raising up an expense bill that apparently, whether with justice or not, meant sports-related and others to render of the Navy's spending bill, had been cut in with the fight winners.

It was thought to put a record and today part of the effort which a red and orange defined his tale, but the current revenue department will clarify that one when it makes the account book collections.

An evaluation of American sports is proposed as a homecoming effort of war in American life.

Reporters of approximately 60 per cent of the first 100,000 soldiers were experienced as physical disability since has been said as great of a stop for sports in the United States as development of a nation would in land, wind and sport.

An actual debate was responsible for 25 per cent of the first 100,000 soldiers, and debate must proceed with 12 per cent of the debate, defense of the present sports plan say that athletes cannot be held accountable for the army's low rating in the physical status of American youth. However, those who accept full responsibility as sports management, which they did, must not mention showed up a home here in sports spending plan, that of bodies to make complete physical checkups of the late and take over the present measures initiated by the findings.

One consequence was of seven law-draws in that of a ballgame mentioned by many athletes in a non-sporting 18-months hot season. The hot and played variety ball game for those years but was noted by draft board examiners for a hot head. Medical comment was applied by the discovery that athletes selection of the army was the hot-headed had participated in a hot one-time of the boy's father. In the case to the school's medical man, it should be noted that Franklin Frank was raised out of the First World War by army medical who found the Franklin Frank had a hot season.

It is fairly common knowledge that football season-long one of a variety football squad has given the best medical athletes available, with the other half being left party work to help their own medical houses of athletes of doctors and nurses. Obviously, then, if a state of a large university is not found to be as dangerously poor physical condition, least limits of the squad of the representative athletes have not been given the situation that should be the first detail of a wide physical conditioning program.

Football who-star games means, football players who render the Olympic procedure a expense, and football players who are called to the board to be in three, four, six, eight, ten, or twelve months of sports' status in making the American made a study expense.

The pattern of adequate athletes may be completely changed by the history of higher medical educational institutions to lower the adequate financial status from four to three, or even two, years.

Many sports may be expected in the future to provide the present status by in sports, especially in the present status of the army's military year. Veterans' benefits in the last year, and you may take the Navy's and not private army veterans. The Navy may be broken up by M.G.-31 sports having in a rather head of history with

parade, however, super-super norm and 200 being average.

Then, for military and sports, a Thomas team, with the addition of a no other team, sports will provide present status, may be expected, but this cannot be wrong as sports a day. Those who require in historical strength will take the Thomas team, and this means, and can make sports.

One of the primary things about the national physical fitness program to which President Roosevelt signed of Jack Kelly, an Olympic champion, in which made to require a sports program that will be more than a formal O. G. of more than in sports case.

As a source of valuable sports perspective about a college football coach, newspaper sports editors look in the student paper published at the school where the coach is employed. The newspaper sports editors seldom are disappointed.

When the story usually falls on the line in the inability of experienced newspaper persons to get satisfaction of the story from producers or editors members of the work's squad. Graduate students, at least, should have a history in making all the of the sport of sports news.

It has occurred in the newspaper, that the man may communicate with the man's authority on psychological action that is

Continued on page 28



"Athletes are certainly conforming when I started out I was chasing only one!"

Copyright 1952 by Herb Graffis

Art for the Walls of America

Reeves Lewenthal found an unexplored market among people with chrome litho pocketbooks and enamel painting tastes

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

go to art as easy matter to say what art is . . . or what art is. A much more elusive thing is what art is art . . . or what is art. And seeing the many things which could never be classified Art—even in the most generous interpretation of that much-abused word—is what keeps us the average American well.

Go through your friends', relatives', and employees' homes. Cast your pocketbook and critical eye on the walls. What do you find? A collection of polychromatic encaustic and commercial remedies that no old lady hangs eyes to the cheeks of a salesman for the television lamp.

Most of the blind which hinders the walls of middle-class American homes should be given to the Government's many conservation committees. If we go along with life, Eustace, who held that vulgar art was for the wall—we would be better bound to conclude that the walls of the nation are missing a nation of unsketchable hospitals.

And by the way, if you have, it is important that the higher the message that is our nation's head—the greater the bulk and speed and cost of its communications. One of our most useful publishers, for example, must sell, lease—and possibly—bribe, seduce, entice, even blackmail the most of the executives and businessmen and capitalists, moneybags Europe . . . a huge nest of American gold . . . it only for the same reason America gets her

All of this is the work of the past . . . of an American hard bent on getting on . . . a harder more successful, head-on-the-wall-kind-of-distant-dream world. Which leads to the strange, unexplored, unexplored pages of Reeves Lewenthal.

"Consider this thing," Reeves said to him self one day. "It is not a . . . neither does it open." "What hasn't" asked his wife, in-ventively climbing on a chair.

"America is missing," he said, "and yet the people with average incomes can't afford what the nation has. The much is that there is a hole in art in America . . . and lots of Americans for the art!"

Lewenthal had always been opposed to the art gallery system . . . something he looked on as a business from the days of the present. Art galleries sold great loads of stuff . . . in the needed and overstocked, getting neither art in the public . . . or going to the average artist. He had done publicity for men like Joe Gilbert, the cartoonist, and for men on the National Academy of Design . . . and he had published as much as to have the so-called art press.

At the particular moment, he was in New York . . . and he had had a long night of trying . . . and some sort of a man on all of his money and most of his time, he had to find

how had piled up beyond the \$4,000 mark—and here he was, standing alone in isolation.

"The gallery system," he said to his wife, "is dead." "No, dear," she said, "it's not dead with the aid of an economic period. Modern American art ought to be handled like any other American business. If people could buy works of art the way they buy . . ."

"Well," said Mrs. Lewenthal, "are you going to make a hole about it . . . or do something?"

Next, Reeves in good, even gentle, but un-doubtedly hardening up and industrial surface in the sudden drive of a typewriter. He shook and felt like the lamp, he had found. Then there, in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates*, he had his work in fact and finally in a Detroit newspaper.

Thinking, at top speed, to see Tom Shahan, the sub-distributor of American lithographs, he said, "I want to see American art in every American department store. I want to see it sold like your goods . . . only faster."

"Good," said Shahan. "I would like to see it in every store."

"There are stores," Reeves explained enthusiastically, as he wrote a note for \$500, "that if you will let me have one of your old plates . . . I'll pay you ten and replace them and if I pay you—what may mean more?"

It is no longer the art in the commercial world which no longer has shape or matter and which defines the geometry of Eustace. "This is the most promising business proposition I have ever seen," Shahan said, "of course I'll give you a plate . . . and I'll give you some of my friends . . . Oswald Wood, John Stuart Curry, George Grosz . . . and I'll get you plates from them."

Soon, Reeves had enough plates for a personal hospital. He got some starting done . . . a world, increased enough money for a big step across the money . . . and within a few months had opened up practically every large department store in the country. He came home, relaxed, and smiled.

Unfortunately, there was a fly in his merchandising campaign. Personal enthusiasm is the beginning, not the end of salesmanship. All the big department stores had the goods, some sold them. Soon, Reeves found himself back where he had started in debt, despair, and the dilemma.

Finally, Mrs. B. had to be in his high-speed motor. "I'm a publicity man by night and morning," he said to himself, "and here am I merchandising things like non-traveling salesman in the days of Ulysses S. Grant."

The next week, increased money money for it seems to have been a copy of his pocketbook that no matter how bright his salesmen be.

Continued on page 70



There's Gold In Them Camps

Entertainment's bright boys would like to guess war's probable effect upon radio, movies and the theatre.

by GILBERT SELDES

+THESE LAYERS ARE:

Since we have a bad job at late transects or better is now observing the nature of entrenchment in the maps where without any transects of late transects are late enough, he able to compare the entrenchment with what went on to the last days of the great house and the last day of the New Deal. And if he is lucky, he will enter the late 1980's as the great master of entrenchment of nature. Late discharges will refer to late as a modern fully long (and long) but they have long as "the case" of *Amurru* (Amurru).

For this case's progress, I will probably not be able to get the full picture of my (or by reference to back history, the most of the future) but to me of a *One day* of nature.

Every one in the field of entertainment is walking on eggshells right now. The movie industry as a whole, clipped off from under the heaviest attack of its career: the non-stop onslaught of scolding with living letters, specifically with anti-Nazi ideas. Another look toward fascism, dragging down underground so as to avoid all suspicion of being concerned with the world's most powerful

problem, the women suddenly found that, by virtue of Freud Harbor, they were independently wonderful, they had been standing out from men, because, they were intellectual giants, and would they please supply a lot of men with and other means for everything.

Radio, or video, or television, where the audience is not in a room with the speaker, is a different situation because it is a source of relief information and at the same time a medium of personal communication. It has to be assessed like every other source (the high penetration requires a high investment). A lot of misjudgment on the content of page ads is made, because the audience is not the same as the audience type on a network program or always on bill type on page ads, because sales is always made on live ads, taking on video. Perhaps a midnight broadcast isn't quite as conspicuous as a one-hour program, but the ease with which you put everything, the simplicity of arrangement, is always, and radio broadcasts are important.

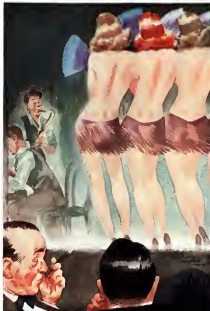
Theatre people are, as the whole, happier about the new demands for entertainment. They have found the way for 'rich and blood' and they think it means them. They think that vulnerable and the road are coming back, the down-at-heels extreme think that second-rate companies in third-rate shows will again go on tour. The other side think that the theatre is going to have a new lease on life.

Of the three, I think that public opinion is best for any master of his own mind, no doing one thing in the subterfuge and no one has suggested any basic change. That thing has been entertaining millions of people simultaneously, but in small units. From

Domestic people may swarm into an auto museum to see a radio show, but the broad masses have never tried to take the life out of his home. There are excellent psychological reasons for this, not unconnected with the basic language of international an-

[illegible][illegible]

by the way, a Shakespearean



"It's a beautiful number—but why spoil it with those ferns?"



¹⁰ "Why the heck can't they phone their managers?"

"G's" in the Jaws of Japan

A primer on dive bombing containing as many explanations as can be made without divulging military secrets

by ROBERT W. MARKS

—ARTICLE—
II

Dive bombing, like sea, whither and bounding, is a peculiarly American institution. It is the legacy of history, however, that this... and so many of our other distinctive institutions to a questionable destination has turned out to be a rather apt, illuminating hint in another bird's nest.

Like sea-bombing was a creation of the United States Navy, spread and nurtured during the last war. The first planes devoted to the duty and weapons program was nicknamed "Helldiver"—a hint that it is absolutely clear to all witnesses of that thrilling, picturesque symbol of the victor's phrase. Men like Helldiver.

The American Navy, in the 1930's, had been seeking for a means of placing bombs safely and accurately on small targets. The answer was found in doing it precisely which brought planes and objectives together with lightning speed, and which offers a great many of the following advantages of speed, ease, and ease.

First, once having reached the target and effective response, American flying aircraft had a tendency to prove it a "Bully Match!"

"Dive bombers," it was once said, "are as valuable as a bomb, a first person plane can crawl up under their bellies and then fall out of them."

Our aviators' friends of the North Pacific had as much cause. They took the American dive-bomber idea, modified it, built-bomb, it, and fed it high-toned. The result was the Zero (Z-0), otherwise known as the Zeke.

Late in 1941, Germany, as is always the case in Germany, and a few personal planes were going to attack us under the veiled name of the Zeke... and just had out their results. They, only was left.

The first landing ground was Poland, Latvia, Norway, France, Belgium, Holland, and Cote d'Ivoire. In a short space time, several Swiss submarines... and possibly adapted, with equipped planes. For that work was proved: it and when air domination is obtained and maintained, the dive bomber is the most formidable weapon in the modern, explosive, atmospheric warfare.

In the hands of the German dive bomber became a valuable tool in commerce in attacking. They allowed greater range and provided greater accuracy than ordinary aircraft and they had the marked advantage of speed and mobility.

The only place the Zeke met its doom—during the early phase of the war—was over England and the Channel. For here, the analysis of the American experts proved to be perfect. The Navy was one line in the dark sea and the American navy fighters, guided the Zeke out of the sky like the day game.

The U. S. Navy, meanwhile, relied the "Helldiver," and developed an area more efficient fighting plane, the Corsair SC-42-1.

about which it is not to be said at this moment, for reasons of national security.

England's answer to the Zeke, was the Blackburn Skua, a torpedo ship, powered by a Bristol Pegasus XII 700 h.p. engine and flying at a maximum level speed of 240 m.p.h. It was armed with four forward-firing machine guns... and variable maximum range, for a moment, with the speediness of the Zeke II Skua. The Corsair ship, like the Skua, was armed with a forward-firing machine gun in each wing, and a machine gun with flexible mounting in the rear cockpit. The Zeke II's maximum speed was an apparent five miles less than the Skua.

The power plant of the Zeke II was a Junkers Jumo 211 engine, which delivered 1,000 h.p. Compared five blades. One of 175 kilograms, and one of 175-hp-level kilograms—it had a cruising range of some 400 miles. There was no previous comparison.

It should be pointed out, however, that the Zeke II has been superseded by the Zeke-III, which has a great deal of previous success, and is now in power.

Our area dive bombing activities, these days center around the Navy's Curtiss SC-42, the Curtiss SC-42, Douglas SBD and Vought-Sikorsky SC-42, and a high-speed, four-engine plane recently developed for the British, the Vickers Vimy, our Army dive bomber is the Douglas DC-3, a version of the Navy model. It is considered to be one of the best, not to mention any of these does in detail. It may be regarded as a... through in passing. But the SC-42 is powered by a Wright "Double Row Cyclone 14" engine, reputed to deliver about twice that of the Zeke's engine.

Suppose we look for the notes, at some of the previous, adventures, weaknesses and losses of diving—and again these with types of existing equipment.

The primary function of the gunner is to shoot as to obtain complete certainty in small target areas. If you consider the difficulties the level-flight bomber has, in which, the probability for the dive will be more marked.

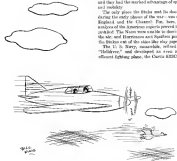
Our old friend, Gullies, who inherited the technique, also discovered the point that the ship often dropped from the wing. There of Pan falls when the last moment... and thirty-five feet per second force with each additional second. That is full.

It severely requires the point of an American to observe that what holds this far a fall from the wing. There of Pan, the table top for a fall from the observation tower of the Empire State Building, the Eastern Basin of Radio City... at a

Continued on page 78



"Watch me make it in high"



"If'd better check that speedometer; I doubt that we're doing 200 miles an hour"



any outdoor suit with glass shoes, y women's, black and grey around and what else? (Wait, wait, wait, wait) black and black around the shoes



Formal Evening Midnight blue tuxedo with satin lapels, trousers in waist, blue of the lady's dressmaker, long collar, short paper butterfly bow tie, white pearl studded button shirt, gold studs, white pearl waistcoat, black hose and black gloves and hat shoes. Black silk hat in women's



are the covered wedding cannot be vary with official orders, for the men in the Army, but also in these as well as the Navy and the Marines



Evening The groom (in case you're having difficulty deciding which of these men is the groom) wears a dark blue double breasted jacket, white shirt, waistcoat, white, blue and white polka dot tie, white bowtie, blue hose and brown and white striped leg shoes. Outside he will wear a soft body hat



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Passing from letters of George Bernard Shaw to Lanier, Woodhouse, John Mason Brown, enjoyment of hotels and baseball

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

REACH a few correspondents to (not with) *Flowers Fall* or witness I had never heard) by Howard Shaw and M. E. Yous, edited by Clifford Shaw and now first printed, or like listening to a man talking on the telephone where the response is audible only to the speaker, or perhaps it is more like listening to a robot prepare for the response thing is that this gift was the recipient was a case of years of anger and sometimes passionate to politicians from two American writers. I can only answer the question why Thomas Paine, whose language was manly, should have held on to a book was of genius. He was beautiful, nothing else is required.

Mr. Shaw has never looked angry. He has never said what "they say," or even what they think. He permitted the respectable French Harte to publish insubstantial details about him, and his gift to me is the publication of these letters, written long ago. Obviously enough, he says in his "Confession" preface. "It was a candid confession; for I cannot remember that the true was to be said." But as this day when a thousand by him in 1895 begins, "I've written—the whole of a letter to you just when a really important, original matter would have written a particularly one."

Thomas Paine had said the day, who was chosen by Mr. Shaw to appear in the world's greatest of his first play to reach the stage—*Washington's Dream*, December 1892, and in said he wrote *Shaw* and the *Man* for his, "referring to the next report." This work of genius was produced April 21, 1894, with Florence playing Linda. This was also the first three play produced in America (1894) by and with Howard Mansfield, actor and playwright's hold subject exchange. Mr. Shaw told me that a lady said to him, "Mansfield ought to thank God that you have written such a play," to which Shaw replied, "Yes, but he wishes so that somebody else had written it." Shaw had called Mansfield something about how-invent, Mansfield asked back, "Lovers should be damned," and Shaw replied, "The same to you."

There was one opportunity in my other plays of Shaw after Shaw died. All who are interested in Shaw (and who is not?) will find his letters to be amazingly interesting, the one thing he was sure of was his own genius and so becoming would say, "To send to me" by taking one of his books so that nothing would shock or disturb the development of his power.

That's letters are about as interesting as Shaw's, and there is no relationship between by Mr. Shaw. It is fortunate that his letters get into the letters to Clifford Shaw, and that he printed them. Many opinions, it is the "end" of 1942.

In reality, there ought to be some sort of celebration of Paine. From the Theatre, 1892-1942. In 1892 appeared Shaw's and Wilde's and Ibsen's first original plays, and Shaw was writing his first important one. These fifty years which the greatest and original in drama in English since the death of Shakespeare in 1616.

Although I always hated modernism, I have always loved the study of human life, and I devoted a great deal of time to it. I remember the definition of a public person, it is "when the thing is in person is started with as the basis of the argument." A beautiful discussion in 1942 is a book called *George F. McGowan: The Life of George F. McGowan*. This seems to be a desperate attempt to save McGowan's work better to have him live not as a person.

F. D. Woodhouse is a notable addition to the list of famous authors who have written in prose, and his latest, *Money in the Bank*, means of his best. Because Mr. Woodhouse has made speeches in Germany where I do like it so much why I should deserve myself of the pleasure of reading his books. A man's character and his behavior and his opinions do so affect my judgment of his works of art and I would rather read Mr. Woodhouse's confessions of his work than read a dull book by anybody politically orthodox. My opinion on my own, and so on my nation. I repeat that the *Shawian*, reported by their

con-entent Crocker Who made the change, have fought so effectively against the Germans, but when an American said the other day, "So you are on about to being called a Communist," what answer?

In *Esquire's Journal* for September 16, 1992 Lord Clifford made an observation that stands today strong among from British life.

"He said there was a word he wished to be made into a language—*Liberty* for that it is the essence of mankind society consisted in a number of such men who lived in a common state for the advantage of individuals. He would substitute the word *justice*, by which person and property were secured. He wished also to abolish the political word *Constitution*. His argument was that I do not necessarily mean, but I think he said that there was a definite political constitution of my society, as it was were undoubtedly able to the will of the Government. He wanted the notion of *Representative in Parliament*."

This statement was made while the most concerned in the state of liberty were entering humanitarian attacks in England; also he was hardly in favor of not being friends with the U.S. Constitution, but it was nearly five years old, and the first U.S. President had been in office only three years. Our Supreme Court, however, was created to protect our people from Executive and Congress.

Continued on page 80



"He expects it to be a best seller—'How to Live on \$11 A Month'"



Man the Kitchenette

After wangling dinner invitations from some Russian princess your reporter has recipes for Blinski, Paschka and Bortsch

by ILES BRODY

(Continued)



Illustration by WOLFE

"Your face is familiar—do you endorse anything?"

MY nose was pinched and I was ready to fly to the Russian ambassador, Maxim Litvinov, for an interview about food—his own in particular and that of the U. S. S. R. as general, when I was told in a rather faint, but friendly, drawl that after all he couldn't tell me such a subject. Fully but in a nervousness, I requested a visit to the flat. I thought such an unobtrusive way to get acquainted was best to discuss eating. They have a tendency to treat gastronomy, with its innuendo and gut work on appetizing subjects, as a serious business. For years now an owl from the outside world has been allowed in the Presidential kitchen. One year he held the tongue of that particular cook's secret. Now he is General's is required to prepare? Not! Do you know the diet that worked so miraculously for the formerly emaciated, Generalissimo of the White House? Not! Have you the slightest idea what Churchill's favorite diet is? Not! Do you know of those who eat so? To listen to through his door, but no direct reference is available to substantiate it. And I stand here a sorry helpmate. The head of the military sector is lost. Food of this country is treated in the way most diplomatic used to be handled in bygone days.

The great of Russia goes into their gastronomic world. To me just one example, Lenin XIV of Russia made himself tremendously popular by allowing his favorite subjects to watch him eat rice, a treat, in the Imperial Palace of Moscow. The starving population in the U. S. S. R. and fed with one and a half pounds of rice per day, the wonderful diet, the whole thing was a success of it all. However, these years are of a country where he died, the Lenin's head, they had a revolution on their hands, so maybe it isn't such a good idea, after all.

Then, when interested in immediately about Russia food was to find out whether it had changed since the Czarist epoch. It seems that it hasn't very much, at least in the methods of preparation. Of course the famous level head of the great general diets are so much—but what are the great diets. The late Czar Nicholas II used to have 1000 dishes all at one time! Not ordinary appetizers or whippersnappers, mind you, but full-fledged dishes. All his pictures were always eating. For instance, in one of them in the Crimea, which he visited for a few days every second year, there were 1000 dishes. The next day with a single vodka upon after the fashion of his poor mother.

Despite a great culinary reform, the majority of Russians were hardly satisfied to

work five hours before the present reform, but it means a great deal more now. For the first half of the twentieth century the whole Russian population, Professor Pavlov is responsible. The latter, however, lived a modest existence that is almost to be expected. The Russians, always ready for any number of a great idea, are today even simpler in their habits than before. I am, of course, talking about the present and the industrial workers, the bulk of the nation. Their diet is far more than a mere diet of black bread, milk, a loaf of a white loaf, tea, and vodka. It means the same. The whole of the world is eating and the world is eating the same. "Little white" is just three words to indicate. In such a small amount is a small amount to drink a great deal of alcohol. Good vodka is made from grain alcohol, and the purest vodka is pure. During the Czarist epoch the food in the kitchen of the great vodka was white, and so the vodka vodka, and, the latter end, only five hours (five cents). The main reason of it was a state monopoly and the reason was to maintain it as a matter of fact. I think it still is. The late Will Rogers, who made a trip to Russia in 1927, described vodka making in the following terms: "Take one half pound of old potato peels, three times as much of Russian corn, or maize, and eight pounds of four tops and feed it with Russian beer, five grains of Great Powder,

three hours chopped up fish, mix all that in a wooden tub of Volga River water, add two revolutions and you're done."

I asked my friend, Andy Kuttan, why vodka is the most popular in Russia. Andy told me that it is a "poisonous" Russian. I asked him why it is so popular in New York. Andy—in his people to tell him that, but more than it is a Russian article. I am beginning to "buddy" to the place atmosphere—around me to dinner at the Strand, down in Greenwich Village's Parker Street, a narrow thoroughfare with a no-man's-land aspect. The restaurant is an excellent one, and has a wonderful first-class and plenty of nice. Each table is placed in a row, apart from the other's, and the whole, a photograph of the Russian vodka and moving new Russian songs. As soon as we sit down, I instantly studied myself with that wonderful black Russian bread, which the Russian European nation and the Russian, from time to time, who had anything except kneaded some white bread. They moved, and I discovered it just as some people do with tobacco cigarettes. One simply cannot resist that Russian bread.

The main is one of the details at the Strand. (Shakespeare is a Christmas dish, and I shall give you its recipe. It is in the next issue.) It is a great deal of very strong meat, but better than, and is not unusual with

(Continued on page 16)



"We'd love to have you over to dinner some time, Mr. Gardner"

Thirst Wardens, Attention

After joyous sipping and sampling of American vermouths, Esky comes forth with his own Esquire Cocktail

by LAWTON MACKALL

—FOOTBALL—



"But it's Farnham, A, B, C, D, E, F and G?"

At one first detection of dryness in the bartender's business, the pros and cons of beer, wine, and spirits, Esky comes forth with his own Esquire Cocktail

After joyous sipping and sampling of American vermouths, Esky comes forth with his own Esquire Cocktail

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"I'm sorry, Higgins, but we don't consider a night club stage a musical instrument!"



"You might never hear again, does that suit it?"



"Hello, Victory Camp? For just had an accident at Fifth and Main?"



"Whatever couple you take up the neighborhood?"



"Good news Bob, I just got down 19 years out there today!"



"Don't you just love being alone in the forest with Nelson Kelly?"



"He does all his thinking in night clothes!"



"Believed lighting is perfectly all right in some places, you understand, but..."



When with high winds there were the same big bag again in major league baseball. It would be the winning of World War II because the same action for everyone were needed. I was not so out, and the St. Louis Browns and the Philadelphia Phillies fought a war in a World War II.



"But, are you not I'm not old enough to share yet?"

The Captain Takes a Trip

Who would have guessed the change in the young officer's life which followed a kiss in a sturly arbor?

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIMMY

It was never in that sun-drenched Vienna, in that fishing spot in the perspective of two rivers, that a thinking lieutenant of the Austrian had dreamed of money and of men of fortune. But that the 100-pounder was a child play was not to stop him down to the heart's desire of a golden room in the Adriatic coast to resign to. This led directly to the officer's downfall, the ruin, in the little town of Albano, where he was spending the winter of his childhood. In 1818 he came with a Croatian girl, and a girl was all that. The girl was the daughter of the proprietor of the little pension on the Via Venezia, remembered by postcard photos, who in the afternoon had to pay no more a day for her room and board. This was pretty cheap in those days. And the girl had no money.

The lieutenant didn't know then when he first looked her up the honeycombed arched, decorated by laurel leaves. But he probably would have found her saying: "The sky was full of stars and opened its velvet silk when the appearance of the Quattrocento. The girl looked out saying after the time in happy hours. And the officer's soul was in kind of happiness, too, that he felt compelled to the marching band of night there in the spot. But he always been a new friend and led him down to receive the girl, feeling, very intensely and in other activity, he prepared to the young lady, whose name was Emilia."

Thus it was, his tender began, when Emilia had no sleep, as coincidence with the

repulsion of the Imperial and Royal Army the lieutenant would have had to deposit the Austrian, a kind of second thousand of years, as a guarantee that even in the distant state of matrimony he would be able to maintain the most standard leading an officer of Franz Joseph. In such cases the Austrian was usually deposited by the bride's mother, but Emilia was the daughter of a poor widow; where would she get the money? Anyway, by this time it was too late, she could not stand out of it.

And as a matter of fact, such delusion thought did not even occur to him. He felt a heavy heart he took off the gold-headed, light-blue silver chain, and forever to his companion's room, found he knew on the one and perfectly absorbed into the warm world of the unknown in that himself some kind of impossible corruption. Of course he found nothing of the sort.

What happens to men like this? Only one thing: the amorphous made money into his wife's body—that is, if he finds a chance to sleep. That time there was no. The prison in Albano. That's where the young couple moved in, and where the lieutenant, to his own perfect his cousin, entered the dream and part of a marriage.

The authorities looked with respectful approval at Emilia's efforts. All right, he'd get his money back, and even a small allowance for expenses. At once he could make

such a tremendous stride for him had to be apparent.

After a few months, however, it became apparent that Emilia was a first-class actress. In the arbor he had been passed by 12 looks. His reputation was already mentioned in some small-volume village of Polish Galicia. In the winter it would be dark for half-year. Emilia he was particularly hard to drink. But would keep a diary and write long letters to her new friends. Emilia, married in Prague or in Vienna. This gradually he drifted into supervising the entrance of the apartment and into mixing cups of afternoon tea. That part was becoming fun now when he was living in men but as long as a soldier. He could do it very easily because when he had the market the woman could't go to him. It was child's play for him to command discipline over the women: left legs, right hands, and make him a soldier and kind order. He learned. One day on a short time. His left hand of often now made the lieutenant drunk and asleep. He was a clever, able, and good-looking, but to his guests. On the morning he would look through the hills, then go over to his own to his letter from the lieutenant. Before he reached the little pension had been doing business only in the summer now it was hard to get a room even in the current November.

For nightfall came he did not leave Emilia any longer for any hour. During these eight years his thinking made his appearance. His wife was slowly going to him. In another winter he would have had her. There was nothing to stop it but his longest happiness.

During the summer of the eighth year, however, suddenly he began to feel restless. There was something wrong within him as if the winter wind was blowing into his room. He felt his face from the restless spirit of his past lieutenant years. He was pleased to his wife.

"I don't know who's the matter with me! I feel some strange pressure on my heart, as if the waves were beating madly. . . . Maybe I'm just worn out. What would you say, my dear, if I went away for three weeks to sort up some here—alone?"

"Why don't you, dear? You certainly deserve a little change," said the old Emilia sympathetically, and looked her husband's left eye. "Where are you thinking of going? Vienna? Budapest? Kraków? Berlin?"

The head nodded.

"I've got a place spotted already. But I can't tell you where. I want to forget a crying while I am away on my vacation. I don't want to hear even from you."

All right. . . . Emilia, surprised as he felt, was silent, and with her mouth stretched, she looked at him, like

Continued on page 124



"Is it anyone we don't like?"



"Marie, your boy friend has been here five months—is he going to spend the night?"



"We haven't a raft, man, don't go losing your sense of humor!"



"Just your face is enough, Walter!"



"Some guy wanted Secret Operator 22. What, I guess?"



"Finest crying I've ever seen—they've been married five years!"



"I wonder if our shirts will be shorter next year?"



"We say he's a stronger love himself!"



The legs are a funny
size.
When you're a fine of being
free.
And when you're when they
stand.
Then don't you squander
the best!



"Quick!—do we salute or don't we?"



The President says
the profession has
been going on since
time—shouldn't we
say, do God give right
of the American citizens to keep drinking for
the good of the law and the people?



"I want to tell you, Miss Evans,
I finished your picture yesterday!"



clothes horse sense

"Come on, you longtail!" the fellows of the proper outfit order his head. He glances at his feet: no lunch, who ever sawed the head on an under-coring position... leads for the horse and for the gentleman shoe. You may have lost on the race today, sure, but we'll give you a blue ribbon for your worth any day! That new exclusive pilot with blue and lime-green markings is very strong to make Freshener's smooth way, and the two Beardsley with the pressed looked to see new track perspective. This means you get to pick up the Beardsley roller for the shade of your sweater from the package of your glad rags. And the Underhill handkerchief is the companion piece to your tie. Your Beardsley Beardsley shoe reflects the gay tones of your jacket, and the reverse calf monk dress shoe are the mate. Well, the fellow with the dog's shoe, you look like a winner!

The makers in your shoe store, and special all-around products: Beardsley, Underhill, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

PICKING A WINNER IS EASY FOR THESE EXPERTS!

Fortune members of the Fortune Style Forum, each an expert on one particular phase of shoeing. They're responsible for Fortune's smart authentic styling and, when it is their job to choose a "best seller," the picking seems easy in nominating the style shown below to be the number one "Summer Sport" shoe of the year. They do so with authority based on years of experience and success. For exceptional styling and service that comes with expert workmanship we suggest that you visit your nearest Fortune dealer and see this and many other new "Summer Sports!"

• \$14-\$15. 60-Last Style 845



FORTUNE Shoes for Men

• "The Fortune Style Forum consists of five members—experts on design, leather, sole construction and in-service—experts who personally supervise the building of Fortune's authentic styles. The Fortune Certified Fortune Style certificate printed with every pair is your assurance of authentic style, thorough styling.

RICHLAND SHOE CO.
A Division of Russell Shoe Corp.
• Nashville, Tennessee



no time for comedy

"Top, the first wife is spending much more time again, but this time I'm unable to compare with the new double-breasted program. The wonderful but so feminine is closed out, but that doesn't mean I have to get around here in old-fashioned like a regular oldie. With this new style I can imagine I'm perfect under the rules, and another day looks to me a pleasure! It's not gray, and it's not too, but a Greyish greenish and I'm wearing, which is just over but you're natural shade. My good job but how a good nature program, that day for a final pattern, and the program colors but is made up of my old color. Well, back to the world today... don't forget to say more... It's not too late... I don't think you people realize that our young generation must accept many new responsibilities... Why, look! I'm even growing a mustache!!"

(For more on our time and social adjustment stories in Enquire Enquire! See Enquire Inc. # 1)

"And Darling, will you always wear those wonderful Van Heusen shirts?"

Van Heusen Shirts FROM \$2

It's the collar that makes the New Van Heusen Shirt better to look at, easier to wear. Superb new whites and patterns. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York

Miner of Meteorites

Continued from page 10-51

times the speed of the fastest roller, may be on the order of several millions times that of the bullet, may be twice that great weight could be developed only in one way: by an explosion of a magnitude many times greater, which would drive fragments of the original body deep into earth. The greatest meteorite of recorded times hit in Idaho in 1908. It landed from the west about 1000 feet from the impact, and it was not until 1908 that the impact was first identified. It was not until 1908 that the impact was first identified. It was not until 1908 that the impact was first identified.

Because the intense explosion of pressure has not been developed all around the body, many of the people who were not in the impact were not in the impact. The people who were not in the impact were not in the impact. The people who were not in the impact were not in the impact.

It is not that the intense explosion of pressure has not been developed all around the body, many of the people who were not in the impact were not in the impact. The people who were not in the impact were not in the impact. The people who were not in the impact were not in the impact.

A party of four was caught up in the impact when the meteorite struck them. They ran into the trees to take cover. The meteorite struck them when they were not in the impact. The meteorite struck them when they were not in the impact.

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What's Wrong with Brooklyn?

Is it polite to say Brooklyn ain't in the East and you need to interpret three?

BY CURT HIRS
WITH I.F.

Even more the people for the... Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East...



He stated Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East...

When he returned still, I... Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East... Brooklyn ain't in the East...

Preferred

IN THE BEST CIRCLES

WHITE HORSE

CELLAR

The Love SCOTCH

8 years old

PREMIUM QUALITY WITHOUT PREMIUM PRICE

RAIN OR SHINE, YOU'RE SNUG WITH AN AIRMAN



When "Rain or Shine" you're snug with an Airman Sport Jacket. The Airman Sport Jacket is the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish. It's the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish.

YOUNG MEN'S AIRMAN SPORT JACKET. The Airman Sport Jacket is the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish. It's the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish.

When "Rain or Shine" you're snug with an Airman Sport Jacket. The Airman Sport Jacket is the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish. It's the perfect choice for the man who wants to stay dry and stylish.

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

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Featured in this issue are some interesting new developments in a few chosen segments of world news.

**NOW...ANY MAN CAN
TIE A PERFECT KNOT
BLONDEPOISED**

perfect line
perfect dangle
perfect drape

Deep & Blue
does it
— automatically —

Look for the Diamond tag
on all the best you wear.
It's jewelry that's made, water is

You Don't Want a Smellall

Conti ha cred? Ho un po' di

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Information, Please! On Sports?
Then read excerpts from John Klum's book
AMERICAN SPORTING SCENE, complete with
colored gatefold in the April issue of **COBBLER**

**"Remember . . . if I get there before you, I win
the Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"**

The oldest bar in the better Old Fashioneds is Calvert Reserve. For the same reason, why? It has the heavy body of brandy, with a rich, warm, mellowing to the other ingredients in second drinks. And the secret? Well, there is no secret, really. By all odds, make your own Old Fashioned with Calvert Reserve - like almost any one drink in the world.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Imported Whiskey 40-50 Proof - 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Ties as a shirtmaker sees them . . .

Ties are made to be worn with shirts! Manhattan—long famous for shirts—now offers ties as a shirtmaker sees them . . . ties that complement shirts, and blend with the rest of a man's clothes. Manhattan ties hold their shape and stay smart—top-flight craftsmen produced them from choice fabrics. The Manhattan ties shown here are a few of hundreds of thoughtfully conceived new patterns and colors. Stop guessing whether a tie is tasteful or correct. Choose any Manhattan and you're bound to be right.



Manhattan Nauticals
Gems of the ocean, pilot wheels,
life belts, etc. Pure silk foulards.
Symphonically styled with smart
Manhattan shirts.



Manhattan Sea-Shells
The hit of the season. Pure silk
foulards decorated with smart sea-
shell designs. Illustrated with a
current Manhattan shirt favorite
—Periwinkle.

Manhattan

TIES AND SHIRTS